

# Storm of the Beast

Kreator

Night is coming down, fog is all around  
The beast is leaving his bloody home  
The smell of blood is in the air  
People die if he wants throne And they fall down, down of their knees  
Mercy is a world that he don't know Storm of the beast, yeah  
Storm of the beast  
Storm of the beast  
Storm of the beast, yeah Locked up doors don't get out  
The beast makes death like a game  
He burst heads thrash all down  
He destroys and feels ever the same And they fall down, down of their knees  
Mercy is a world that he don't know Storm of the beast, yeah  
Storm of the beast, oh Lord  
Storm of the beast, yeah  
Storm of the beast, yeah

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